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# THE YOUNG MEN'S MAGAZINE.

No. 24.]

DECEMBER, 1838.

[VOL. II.]

## GENERAL DISTRIBUTION OF THE BIBLE.

All those who believe the Bible to be the "book of God," "which is able to make men wise unto salvation," must desire its diffusion through the world, with an ardour proportioned to the vast importance of the object. Nor will they suffer this sentiment to expire in fruitless wishes, like "the elegant fancies of poetry," which excite a momentary interest and are forgotten; on the contrary, it will suggest the means, and animate to the efforts requisite to secure its fulfilment. While philanthropists and legislators are devising plans to extend the advantages of knowledge to the ignorant, can the Christian be asleep or indifferent to the duty of imparting to the dying the "words of eternal life?"

Yet this is the case with many both of the clergy and of the laity, otherwise the Bible Society would be better supported, and the Bible itself would have been circulated more widely.

It is, therefore, with sincere pleasure that we direct the attention of our readers to a noble effort which the London City Mission is making to place a volume of the "Sacred Writings" in the house of every poor family in the metropolis.

The suggestion, we believe, was first made about twelve or eighteen months ago, in the Committee of

the British and Foreign Young Men's Society, but it was not thought practicable with their limited means, to attempt so large a work with any reasonable hope of success.

The larger resources of the City Mission—its numerous agents extending their labours all over the metropolis and suburbs, combined with its influence with the religious public, has enabled it to take up a scheme which would have been vain in the hands of a less powerful society. It will naturally be wondered, however, where all the Bibles are to come from. The Bible Society has made the munificent grant of the whole of the copies that will be required to carry this great object into effect. We cannot do better than give the arrangements of the Society in their own words:—

"The Committee of the London City Mission have at length brought to a conclusion the preliminary arrangements for ascertaining the destitution of the Word of God in London, and for supplying it with the loan Testaments and Psalters, so generously voted to the agencies of various institutions for this important purpose by the British and Foreign Bible Society. The map of London, published by Mr. Cruchley (containing *London* as published by the Commissioners of Police, and determining the territorial limit of the operations of the Mission), ex-

tends northward to Highgate, southward to Streatham, westward to Hammersmith and Shepherd's Bush, and eastward to the East India Docks. This map was first divided into about 800 districts, every one of which has been personally visited; and the number of houses that will need to be visited, and are accessible for such inquiries as are contemplated, have been counted. When the required information from these localities was received, the size and peculiar circumstances of the districts underwent the most careful consideration, and the result is, that they have been consolidated into 433. For each of these districts a register of the Loan Scriptures has been prepared, and contains, first, the following instructions for the distributor:—

'1. This book contains a map of the district you have undertaken to visit, and to supply with the New Testament. You will observe that the boundaries are affixed to the map, and as it does not contain the name of every street, court, lane, yard, and alley in which you will have to visit, A LIST OF THEM is furnished to you, with the number of houses they contain. In some of the streets only a few houses are visitable, and they will be easily distinguished by their appearance and the persons who occupy them.

'2. If any of the boundary streets be visitable, that side only is to be taken by you which is nearest to the centre of your district.

'3. Your duty will be to go from family to family, in every house, and to ask the question—Have you a copy of the Bible or Testament? If the reply be in the affirmative, your work is ended with that family.\* If the reply be in the negative, then will follow the other questions—How long have you been destitute? How many have you in family? How many can read? Having obtained answers to these questions, insert them in their proper columns. As it will facilitate

\* By this we mean that he is not *necessarily required* to exhort the individual as to the reading of it, but every one who can give "a word in season" to those who possess the Scriptures, and to those who will be supplied, we hope will do it.

your work, and account for your asking such questions, there can be no objection to your promising them the loan of a New Testament at an early period.

'4. When you have gone over the district and collected the required information, return this register to the individual (or Society) from whom you had it.

'5. At a later period, when you will be furnished with the copies of the New Testament to lend to the destitute, you will have no questions to ask, but only to deliver them, and to enter the date of the loan, and the number of the book, opposite the name of the person to whom you lend it.

'6. It will be more systematic if when you commence a street you finish it before you begin another. One insertion of the name of it in the Register will then suffice, and the names of the persons found destitute of the Scriptures in that street can be regularly entered under its name.'"

On the opposite page is a map of the district with its boundaries, and on the next page the name of every street, court, lane, alley, yard, &c., upon the districts that are to be visited, with the number of the houses at which the distributor is to call.

Considerable trouble has been taken to ascertain the number of visitable houses, believing that it would materially abridge and facilitate the labours of the distributor when he entered upon his district. By "visitable houses" is meant, *all* of the poorest and lowest class, all small shops in more private streets, and all small houses inhabited by the humbler classes, parts of which are let out to other families.

When the Register is complete, it is to be returned to No. 20, Red Lion-square, as soon as filled up, but not later than December 20th, when the amount of the ascertained destitution will be immediately communicated to the British and Foreign Bible Society.

The object that we have in presenting to our readers this extensive scheme of usefulness, is that they

may make it a model for imitation. What should prevent the adoption of this plan in all the cities and towns of England, Scotland, and Wales? Agencies of the same, or a similar kind, exist in most of them; and if the effort were made, perhaps the Bible Society would aid them, as they have done the City Mission. Every branch of the Young Men's Society throughout the kingdom might engage in the work—they might invite the co-operation of other societies of Christians, and then make an application to the Bible Society for assistance. Such an application, if not granted to its fullest extent, would be met by the offer of a part, and if there should be many such applications, they would furnish that most useful body with an argument for the increase of its funds.

Difficulties there are in the way of such an undertaking of course, as with every thing that is worth the attainment; but there are none perhaps that might not yield to judicious and persevering labour. The smallness of their numbers, and their comparative insignificance, might be urged as an obstacle, but the mention of such a plan would attract many serious young men to their circles, and give an importance to their efforts which they could not derive from any inferior circumstance. Need we say any thing of the value of the Scriptures to induce an interest in the work of distributing them to the destitute. If Tract Societies are so well supported by the Christian, and he can give so much of his time to the dissemination of tracts, with how much greater zeal should he endeavour to circulate "the Gospel of the grace of God." All other modes of instruction may fail, and many may be impracticable, but this would send a

preacher into every house—a witness to the truth that would be listened to by numbers who would hear no other, and whose testimony would never be unfaithful; thus the judgment and mercy of God, would both be displayed to them, and "the Gospel," with all its winning and gracious imitations, would be laid open to the acceptance of the sinner. What a miserable state must they be in who know of no remedy for the moral diseases of our nature, who have never heard "of the balm in Gilead, and of the Physician there!" And this is the case with a large part of our population. Oh! what gratitude should fill our hearts who possess this inestimable medicine, and who have been made acquainted with the great Physician!

"Gratitude, not only expressing itself in proper terms, but possessing the mind with an abiding and overmastering influence; such an emotion as cannot utter itself in language, though by language it indicates its presence, but preserves us in a devout and adoring frame, while the Lord is uttering his voice. Go, visit a desolate widow with consolation, and help and fatherhood of her orphan children—do it again and again—and your presence,—the sound of your approaching footstep—the soft utterance of your voice—the very mention of your name, will come to dilate the heart with a fullness that defies the tongue to utter, but speaks by the tokens of a swimming eye and clasped hands, and fervent ejaculations to heaven upon your head! No less copious acknowledgment to God, the author of our well-being, and the Father of our better hopes, ought we to feel when his word discloseth to us the excesses of his love. Though a veil be now cast over the majesty which speaks, it is the voice of the

Eternal coming in soft cadences to win our favour, yet omnipotent as the voices of the thunder, and overpowering as the rushing of many waters. And though the veil of the future intervene between our hand and the promised goods, still are they from His lips, who speaks and it is done; who commandeth, and all things stand fast. With no less caution, therefore, should this book be regarded, than if, like him in the Apocrypha, you saw the voice which spoke; or, like him in the trance, you were into the third heavens translated, communing and accompanying with the realities of glory, "which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor the heart of man conceived."

#### THE GRECIAN GAMES.

(Concluded.)

10. THAT different degrees of merit were rewarded with different degrees of honor, and consequently with different crowns, is inferred from the words of Basil:—"No president of the games," says he, "is so devoid of judgment as to think a man who, for want of an adversary, hath not contended, deserves the same crown as one who hath contended and overcome."

11. Though the chaplet seems to have been the only reward which the Hellanodics conferred upon the conquerors, there were many other recompences attending their victories, received as well from the spectators in general, as from their own countrymen, friends and relations in particular. Some of these indeed they received before they were put in possession of the crown; such were the applauses of the numerous assembly, the warm congratulations

of their friends, and even the faint and extorted salutations of their maligners and opponents. As they passed along the stadium, after they had received the crown, they were again saluted with the acclamations of the spectators, accompanied with a shower of herbs and flowers poured forth from every side. It was further customary for the friends of the conquerors to express their particular respect by personally accosting them, and presenting them with chaplets of herbs, &c.

12. To perpetuate the glory of these victories, the Hellanodics entered in a public register the names of the conquerors; specifying the particular exercise or class, whether of men or boys, in which each had been victorious: together with the number of the Olympiad. They then set up their statues in the *altes* or sacred grove of Jupiter at Olympia.

13. These particulars respecting the sacred games of the Grecians, which were held in the highest renown in the days of the Apostles, explain and illustrate various passages in the sacred writings, the beauty, energy, and sublimity of which, consist in metaphorical allusions to the various gymnastic exercises, from which much of their elegant and expressive imagery is borrowed.

(1.) In 1 Cor. ix. 24—27, the Apostle asks, "Do ye not know, that they who run in the stadium, run, indeed, all, but one only receiveth the prize? So run, that ye may lay hold on the prize." "Know you not that in the Grecian stadium great numbers run, with the utmost contention, to secure the prize, but that only one person wins and receives? With the same ardor and perseverance do you run, that you may receive the garland of celestial glory. You must observe all the rules pre-

scribed by Christ, otherwise you cannot hope to receive the prize; 'so run, that ye may lay hold on the prize.'" Here it is evident the Apostle places the Christian Race in contrast with the Grecian Games; in them one only receiveth the prize, though all ran; in this if all run, all will receive the prize. "Now every one who contendeth for the mastery is temperate in all things." Every one who enters the lists as a combatant submits to the most rigid and severe regimen. "They, indeed, that they may receive a fading crown; but we, one that does not fade." They do this to obtain a fading chaplet, that is only composed of the decaying leaves of a mild olive; but in our view is hung up the unfading wreath of immortality. The crowns for which the Greeks contended in the games were for the most part of the leaves of trees, which though evergreens, soon withered; and the honors of which they were the pledges, by length of time lost their agreeableness, and at last perished, being all confined to this present life. But the crown for which Christians contend, being a crown of righteousness, (2 Tim. iv. 8,) and a crown of life, (James i. 12; Rev. ii. 10,) it never fades, as the Apostle observes in the next clause; that is, there shall never be any period put to the honors and advantages of which this crown is the pledge. "I therefore run, not as uncertainly." The reward being so great, I do not exert myself with just so much agility and strength as are sufficient to secure the prize; but I exert myself to the utmost, as one who is sensible that the object is worthy the greatest exertion, and that he is always in the view of his Judge. "So I box, as not beating the air."—I engage as a combatant, but deal not my blows in empty air. Ryke observes that there

are three ways in which persons were said to beat the air. 1. When, in practising for the combat, they throw their arms and legs about in different ways, thus practising the attitudes of offence and defence. This was termed *σκιαμαχία*, fighting with a shadow; and Virgil alludes to it when representing Dares swinging his arms about, to challenge a competitor in the boxing-match, *Æn. v. ver. 375*—  
Thus, glorying in his strength, in open view,  
His arms around the towering Dares threw;  
Stalked high, and laid his brawny shoulders bare,  
And dealt his *whistling blows* in empty air.

PITT.

(2.) Sometimes boxers were to aim blows at their adversaries which they did not intend to take place, and which the others were obliged to exert themselves to prevent, as much as if they had been really *intended*; and, by these means, some dexterous pugilists vanquished their adversaries by mere fatigue, without giving them a single blow.

(3.) A pugilist was said to beat the air, when he contended with a nimble adversary, who by running from side to side stooping and various contortions of the body, eluded his blows; and thus by causing him to miss his aim, and frequently, perhaps, to overturn himself in attempting to strike, made him emphatically spend his strength on the wind. We have an example of this in Virgil's account of the boxing-match between Eretellus and Dares, before cited, and which will give us a proper view of the subject to which the Apostle alludes. Homer has the same image of missing the foe and *beating the air*, when describing Achilles attempting to kill Hector; who, by his *agility* and *skill* (poëticê by Apollo,) eluded the blow. *Hom. 1. xx. ver. 445*:—  
Thrice struck Pelides with indignant heart;  
Thrice, in *impassive air*, he plunged the dart.

POPE.



"But I bruise my body and lead it captive, lest, perhaps, having proclaimed to others, I myself should be one not approved."—I inure my body to the severest discipline, and bring all its appetites into subjection; lest when I have proclaimed\* to others, I should at last be rejected as unworthy to obtain it.

(4.) This representation of the Christian Race must have made a strong impression upon the minds of the Corinthians, as they were so often spectators of these games, which were celebrated on the isthmus upon which their city was situated. It is very properly introduced with Know you not? for every citizen of Corinth was acquainted with the most minute circumstances of this most splendid and pompous solemnity.

(5.) What has been observed concerning the spirit and ardor with which the competitors engaged in the race, and concerning the prize they had in view to reward their arduous contention, will illustrate the following sublime passage of the same writer, in his Epistle to the Phillippians, iii. 12—14:—"Not as though I had already attained, either were already made perfect: but I follow after, if that I may apprehend that for which also I am apprehended of Christ Jesus. Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended: but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press towards the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."—Not that already I have acquired the *palm*; not that I have *already* attained perfection: but I *pursue my course*, that I may *seize that crown*

\* In allusion to the office of the herald, to proclaim the conditions of the games. See Dr. Adam Clarke.

of Immortality, to the hope of which I was raised, by the gracious appointment of Jesus Christ. My Christian Brethren, I do not esteem myself to have obtained this glorious prize: but one thing occupies my whole attention; forgetting what I *left behind*, I *stretch every nerve* towards the *prize* before me, pressing with *eager* and *rapid steps* towards the *goal*, to *seize* the immortal *palm* which God, by Christ Jesus *bestows*.

(6.) That affecting passage, also, of the same apostle, in the *second* epistle to Timothy, written a little before his martyrdom, is beautifully allusive to the above-mentioned race, to the crown that awaited the victory, and to the Hellanodics or judges who bestowed it. "I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but to all them also that love his appearing," 2 Tim. iv. 7, 8.

(7.) In the Epistle to the Hebrews also, an epistle which in point of composition may vie with the most pure and elaborate of the Greek classics—the Apostle says, "Wherefore, seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us; and let us run with patience the race which is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith, who, for the joy that was set before him, endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God. For consider him that endured such contradiction of sinners against himself, lest ye be wearied and faint in your minds. Wherefore, lift up the hands that

hang down, and the feeble knees, and make straight paths for your feet, lest that which is lame be turned out of the way."—Heb. xii. 1, 3, 12, 13.

(8.) In allusion to that prodigious assembly from all parts of the world, which was convened at Olympia to be spectators of those celebrated games, the Apostle places the Christian combatant in the midst of a most august and magnificent theatre, composed of all those great and illustrious characters whom, in the preceding chapter, he had enumerated, the fancied presence of whom should fire him with a virtuous ambition, and animate him with unconquered ardour to run the race that was set before him. "Wherefore, seeing we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses," whose eyes are upon us, who expect every thing from the preparatory discipline we have received, and who long to applaud and congratulate us upon our victory, "let us lay aside every weight, and the sin that doth so easily beset us."\* Let us throw off every impediment, as the competitors for the Olympic crown did, and that sin that would entangle and impede our steps, and prove the fatal cause of our losing the victory; "and let us run with patience the race set before us;" like those who run in the Grecian stadium, let us, inflamed with the idea of glory, honour, and immortality, urge our course with unremitting ardour towards the destined happy goal, for the prize of our high calling in God our Saviour; "looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith;" as the candidates for the Olympic honours, during the arduous contention, had in view those illustrious and

venerable personages from whose hands they were to receive the envied palm, and who were immediate witnesses of their respective conduct and merit; in imitation of them, let us Christians keep our eyes steadfastly fixed upon Jesus, the original introducer and perfecter of our religion, who, if victorious, will rejoice to adorn our temples with a crown of glory that will never fade; "who, for the joy set before him, endured the cross, despising the shame, and is now set down at the right hand of God." Jesus himself, that he might seize the glorious palm which his God and Father placed full in his view, in order to inspire him with that ardour and alacrity in the race he had set before him, cheerfully submitted to sorrows and sufferings, endured the cross, contemning the infamy of such a death, and, in consequence of perseverance and victory, is now exalted to the highest honours, and placed on the right hand of the Supreme Majesty. "For consider him that endured such contradiction of sinners against himself, lest ye be wearied and faint in your minds." Consider him who contended with such opposition—wicked men all confederated against him—and let reflection on his fortitude prevent your being languid and dispirited. "Wherefore, lift up the hands which hang down, and the feeble knees, and make straight paths for your feet, lest that which is lame be turned out of the way;" exert in the Christian race those nerves which have been relaxed, and collect those spirits which have been sunk in dejection; make a smooth and even path for your steps, and remove everything that would obstruct and retard your velocity.\*—*Carpenter's Biblical Companion.*

\* In allusion to the long garments of the Greeks, which, if not thrown off, would entangle and impede the race.

\* See the authority before referred to, and *Critica Biblica*, vol. I., pp. 97, 115.

## OF PRIDE.

I NEVER yet found *Pride* in a *noble nature*, nor humility in an *unworthy mind*. It may seem strange to an inconsiderate eye, that such a poor violet virtue should ever dwell with honour, and that such an aspiring fame as *Pride* is should ever sojourn with a constant baseness. 'Tis certain we seldom find it but in such as, being conscious of their own deficiency, think there is no way to get honour but by a bold assuming it; as if, rather than want fame, they would take her with a rude assault, which, indeed, is the way to lose it. Honour, like a noble virgin, will never consent to grace the man that ravisheth. If she be not won with courtesy, she will never love truly. To offer violence to so choice a beauty is the way to be contemned and base. 'Tis he that hath nothing else to commend him, which would invade men's good opinions by a misbecoming sauciness. If you search for high and strained carriage, you shall for the most part meet with them in low men. *Arrogance* is a weed that ever grows in a dunghill; 'tis from the rankness of that soil that she hath her height and spreadings. Witness clowns, fools, and fellows that, from nothing, are lifted some few steps upon fortune's ladder, where, seeing the glorious representation of honour above, they are so greedy of embracing that they strive to leap thither at once; so, by over-reaching themselves in the way, they fail of the end and fall. And all this happens either for the want of education, which should season their minds with the generous precepts of morality, or, which is more powerful, example; or else for lack of a discerning judgment, which will tell them that the best way thither is to go about by *humility* and *desert*. Otherwise, the river

of contempt runs betwixt them and it; and if they go not by these passages, they must of necessity either turn back with shame, or suffer in the desperate venture. Of all trees, I observe God hath chosen the *vine*, a low plant that creeps upon the helpful wall; of all beasts, the soft and patient *lamb*; of all birds, the mild and guileless *dove*. Christ is the *rose* of the field and the *lilly* of the valley. When God appeared to Moses, it was not in the lofty cedar, not the sturdy oak, or the spreading plume, but in a bush, an humble, slender, abject shrub, as if he would by these elections check the conceited arrogance of man. Nothing procureth love like humility—nothing hate like pride. The proud man walks among daggers pointed against him, whereas the humble and the affable have the people for their guard in dangers. To be humble to our superiors is duty; to our equals, courtesy; to our inferiors, nobleness; which for all her lowness, carries such a sway that she may command their souls. But we must take heed we express it not in unworthy actions; for thus, leaving virtue, it falls into disdained baseness, which is the undoubtable badge of one that will betray society. So far as a man, both in words and deeds, may be free from flattery and unmanly cowardice, he may be humble with commendation; but surely no circumstance can make the expression of pride laudable. If ever it be, it is when it meets with audacious pride and conquers. Of this good it may then be the author, that the affronting man, by his own folly, may learn the way to his duty and wit. Yet this I cannot so well call pride, as an emulation of the Divine justice, which will always vindicate itself upon presumptuous ones, and is indeed said to fight against no sin but pride.

O. F.

LUIGI PARINI.

Chap. IV.

Ἀλλὰ θανεῖν μοι  
ἐντυχία κρίσεων ἐκύρηται.

EURIP. HEC.

"But as to me  
To die, to be at rest—'twere far better."

FROM the melancholy death of his father, the delicate constitution of Luigi received a shock from which it never recovered. Immediately afterwards he began to droop. He attempted to pursue a course of study preparatory to entering one of our colleges, but I often found him leaning pensively over his volume, with a listless air and closed eyes. It soon became apparent that consumption had smitten him. A lingering sickness ensued, which, though it did not confine him to his bed, and was attended by little acute pain, baffled medical skill and banished all hopes of his recovery. But, as the light of life darkened around him, the inner light of the soul was awakened to a fuller flame. He knew he was dying, and he rejoiced to know it. That peace which the world cannot give brooded over his spirit; and, reposing on the mercy of Jesus, he resigned himself, without a murmur, to the Governor of all.

He had one day been conversing on the glory of heaven, and on his expectation of a speedy departure from life, when I said to him, "But do you not regret dying so young, having as yet experienced so little of the pleasures of life, and seen so little of the splendor of the world?"

"No," he answered, "I am content to leave them all; I have, indeed, sometimes flattered myself with the hope of attaining literary distinction, but it has only been because I have been anxious to do some good before I die. If I have ever wished for eloquence, it has

only been that I might employ it in proclaiming Christ. But, since God has designed that I should die, I am satisfied. His work needs no aid from me, or he would have permitted me to render it. You remember those lines of your favourite Milton—

"God doth not need  
Either man's work or his own gifts; who best  
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best; his  
state

Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,  
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;  
They also serve who only stand and wait."

"Undoubtedly," I observed, "the Christian cannot die before his work is accomplished. Nor will hereafter his Crown be the less bright, or his joy the less intense, because he has been snatched away in early life. Yet it is with a sad and reluctant hand that the cold turf is cast over youth; and we weep to hear the voice which promised such eloquent discourse die into an echo to be awakened no more on earth. Oh, Luigi! there will be a deep gloom cast over my walks and studies when you are gone."

"Oh, why?" he asked, "why regret that the orphan you have protected should have at length found a Heavenly Father, and crossed the threshold of an eternal home. You know, and I believe that there is little in this world but blighted hopes and treacherous joys; it is, you have said, a waste filled with the faded remnants of flowers which, when they flourished, we were not wise enough to gather; its sunniest landscapes are shaded by the clouds of sin. Why then regret that I should be received into the fold of the Good Shepherd, while the darkness cannot bewilder, and the wolf dare not approach?"

"You are right, my dear boy," I said, "a happy destiny awaits you."

"Yes!" he exclaimed, "it is a happy destiny indeed! to gaze on the Father who loved—on the Saviour who redeemed—on the Spirit who sanctified me! To be purified and secured from those sins which have harrassed and wounded me!—To tread the pavement that is strewn with stars and glittering with gold—to wander by the murmuring streams, or walk through the solemn groves of Paradise in high and holy converse with patriarchs and apostles—to taste of rest, so fitly called by the ancients the food of the gods—to forget every misery that has been endured, or rather to remember it only as fresh occasion of thanksgiving—to trace out in the map of life every event that has occurred, and to discover how all has conduced to God's glory—and more, to stand in the very presence of God—to hear His voice speaking in articulate accents, and to gaze on His face with the consciousness that for me it can never more be overclouded by a frown! The Christian's future destiny will, indeed, be a happy one! May not every true believer adopt the language of his Master, and say 'If ye loved me ye would rejoice, because I said, I go unto the Father.'"

At the commencement of his illness he had continued to read some of the master-pieces of literature, but as it increased, he laid them aside, and confined his attention entirely to the Bible. "I am hastening to heaven," he said, "and I wish to become familiar with its dialect."

He had, however, some moments of despondency. "I have been thinking," he said to me on one occasion, "that, perhaps, my love for religion has arisen from admiration of its beauty more than from a con-

sciousness of my need of salvation! Is it not very possible to love the sublime morality of the Gospel, and yet retain an unsanctified heart? For who can consider without emotion the noble characters of the Bible? Surely the most worldly, were they at all capable of rational thought, must feel the moral dignity attached to the holy heroes of the inspired narratives. And I have been thinking that it will not avail me to have admired the fidelity of Abraham, the devotion of David, the courage of Daniel, or the meekness of Mary, if I have not exhibited somewhat of their several graces in my own experience. I think I should have loved to muse over the touching history of Jesus, even if I had not believed myself so vitally interested in His mission and death. Surely I cannot have been loving moral beauty merely when I thought I was loving God."

"But," said I, "has not the Bible taught you the heinousness of iniquity? Has it not taught you to detest those sins which gathered round the head of Jesus the darkness of an ignominious death? Has it not shown you that the scheme of salvation there developed is just the remedy you needed, and is not the Deliverer it proclaims the very one you were desiring to meet?"

"Oh, yes!" he exclaimed, and his heart seemed to warm with returning confidence, "the ties of affection by which I am bound to the Bible are, in truth, very different to those which attach me to any other book! In the Scripture I have seen displayed the beauty of virtue, but then it has taught me the more profitable lesson of my own sinfulness—I have been cast to the earth by its denunciations of vengeance against sin, but I have fallen at the feet of the Cross, and on looking up

have beheld the kind eyes of the suffering Jesus smiling forgiveness. We may go to the Bible for eloquence, for poetry, for pathos; and we shall find them there in a far higher degree of perfection than we can find them anywhere else; but the true triumph of the Holy Records is that they can cure the disease of the mind—that they can tell how the stain of sin may be washed out, and can lay before the convicted criminal the assurance of pardon. Hence arises the deep—the glowing interest with which the believer bends over the sacred page, and I bless God that he taught me so early to prize it, and has permitted me to look forward with cheerful assurance to the future glory it has described.”

“Draw back the curtain,” he said to me, as I was sitting by his side, one lovely morning, “let me look upon the sky. Is it not a glorious type of that ineffable love which is ever brooding over the world! Above every part of this creation fondly bends that beauteous canopy, carrying to every living thing an assurance that God’s mercy is over *all* his works! And what if the cloud and the tempest sometimes deform or conceal it!—The love of the Most High is manifested in calamity as well as in joy; and chastisement is very often the highest proof of His affection. Oh! will there not soon be revealed to me some shining path amid those azure plains by which I shall be led to the presence of God and the bosom of Jesus?”

The closing scene of his short life at length arrived. He lay on his couch, conscious that he had not many hours to live. He spoke, at intervals, as though he were thinking aloud.—“How marvellous a thing,” he said, “is death! I can

now move, and breathe, and speak; but when a brief space shall have passed, I shall be motionless and silent.—I am now gazing on the accustomed room and the familiar face; but when a few more moments have fled, shall I not be amid scenery and persons of which I can now form no conception? How vast an interval will the disembodied soul traverse in a moment!—What a mighty mystery is death! The man of the world pursues his schemes of profit and his plans of pleasure, but the thought of death will at times intrude into his busiest occupations; for he knows that the keen eye of fate is ever fixed upon him, waiting for the appointed time to spring upon its prey. At length the dread enemy comes! The man dies, and returns to dust. And is *this* the end of all his anxious pursuits, his careful days, and his sleepless nights—to die—to be no more! Life were, indeed, a mockery, if hope or fear could tell us nothing of an existence beyond the grave. “I depart hence,” said Socrates to his judges, “to die—you to live; which of the two is better, is concealed from every one but God.” But God be thanked that the Christian is left in no such state of uncertainty. To him the great secret has been revealed. He knows that though to him to live is Christ—to die is *gain*! He knows that though his body be dissolved, his soul is reserved for immortal blessedness. The vase may appear to be broken, but the costly ointment is preserved—the bark may seem to be wrecked and sunk, but it has, in truth, been sent off to float upon a wider and sunnier ocean—the wings of the spirit may appear to have been folded up for ever, but in reality they are taking their loftiest flight!”

It had been dark and rainy in the

morning, but towards evening the clouds had dispersed, and there was a glorious sunset. The fragments of the retiring clouds hung like torn banners in the sky; and, in the west, the sun had drawn around him a gorgeous drapery of purple and gold. The wind, which had been boisterous throughout the day, was now hushed, and the birds chirped cheerfully on the glittering eaves. The deep-coloured rays of the sun fell upon Luigi's countenance as he lay on his pillow, his dark hair strongly contrasting with the corpse-like paleness of his cheek. I took his thin cold hand in mine; he attempted to speak, but only the words "Jesus" and "heaven" were audible. Gradually the sun sank beneath the horizon—the lustre passed from his face—a slight tremor shook his limbs—a brief spasm distorted his countenance, but it was immediately followed by a smile. I felt his hand grow yet colder in my grasp—its pulse stopped—he was no more.

Happy Luigi! I dare not lament thy departure. Thou hast been saved from many a bitter conflict, many a moment of despair; from the wasting of passion, and the thousand cares of the world. Standing on the smooth and safe shore of eternity, and looking back on the still foaming waters of time, thou art uttering thanksgivings for thine early entrance into rest. And for the few brief pleasures which the world may think thou hast lost, thou wilt receive the costly recompense of a longer immortality.

Oh immortality! thou goal of ambition! thou resting-place of hope! Even thy shadow has been sufficient to call forth the mightiest exertions of humanity. The warrior has thought of thee, and the toilsome march, the pangs of famine, the shock of conflict, and the gore-

drenched turf on which he has at last breathed out his spirit have been sweet to him. Thou hast soothed the pale and wasted child of genius in his poor apartment, and hunger, and weariness, and neglect have been forgotten, and the fire has been recalled to his wan eyes, while his bosom has been filled with the thought of winning thee. The last moments of the dying heathen were often sweetened by the remembrance of thee; the gigantic pyramids, in whose lower chambers they enshrined the relics of mortality, were made to lift their towering heads to the clouds, typifying the proud aspirations which man, even in his lowest degradation, still dared to lift towards heaven.\* And yet the immortality which these strove after was but a faint and worthless image of thy excellence. The Christian only can gaze on the fullness of thy beauty. He can commit the beloved ones of his bosom contentedly to the earth, when he knows them safely garnered by thy care; he can bear with patience want, disappointment, and sickness, while he looks not on them but on thee. Thy voice speaks softly to him when no other voice can console him; thou breathest around him the odours of paradise amid scenes that are lurid with the hues of hell. For him the quiet chambers of the sepulchre are not the abode of vacancy and silence; they are filled with beauteous shapes; they echo with pleasant voices; and every shape wears an aspect of welcome, and every voice is eloquent of happiness to come. To the ear

\* "Dans l'asile du trépas même,  
Un sepulchre à ses pieds, et le front dans les  
cieux,  
La pyramide qui s'élance,  
Jusqu' au trône éternel va porter l'espérance  
De ce cadavre ambitieux."

DELILLE.

of one prepared to die, the stern summons of death will sound sweeter than the fond murmurs of love, and the damp and stony grave will be to him a pillow softer than the bosom of beauty.

M. N.

DECEMBER.

Red o'er the forest peers the setting sun,  
The line of yellow light dies fast away  
That crown'd the eastern copse: and chill  
and dun  
Falls on the moor the brief December day.

Now the tir'd hunter winds a parting note,  
And Echo bids goodnight from every glade;  
Yet wait awhile and see the calm leaves float  
Each to his rest beneath their parent shade.

How like decaying life they seem to glide!  
And yet no second spring have they in  
store;  
But where they fall forgotten to abide,  
Is all their portion, and they ask no more.

Soon o'er their heads blithe April airs shall  
sing;  
A thousand wild-flowers round them shall  
unfold;

The green buds glisten in the dews of spring,  
And all be vernal rapture as of old.

Unconscious they in wild oblivion lie;  
In all the world of busy life around  
No thought of them; in all the beauteous sky  
No drop for them of kindly influence  
found.

Man's portion is to die and rise again,  
Yet he complains, while these unmurmur-  
ing part

With their sweet lives, as pure of sin and  
stain  
As his, when Eden held his virgin heart.

And haply half unblam'd his murmuring  
voice,  
Might sound in heaven, where all his second  
life,

Only the first renewed—the heathen's choice,  
A round of listless joy and weary strife.

For dreary were this earth, if earth were all,  
Though brighten'd oft by keen affections  
kiss;

Who for the spangles wears the funeral pall?  
But catch a gleam beyond it, and 'tis bliss.

Heavy and chill this frame of limbs and  
heart,  
Whether slow creeping on cold earth, or  
borne  
On lofty steed, or loftier prow, we dart  
O'er wave or field, yet breezes laugh to  
scorn.

Our puny speed, and birds, and clouds in  
heaven,  
And fish like living shafts that pierce the  
main,  
And stars that shoot through freezing air at  
even—  
Who but would follow, might he break his  
chain?

And thou shalt break it soon; the grovelling  
worm  
Shall find his wings and soar as fast and  
free  
As his transfigured lord with lighting form  
And snowy vest—such grace He won for  
thee.

When from the grave He sprung at dawn of  
morn,  
And led through boundless air thy con-  
quering road,  
Leaving a glorious track, where saints new  
born  
Might fearless follow to their blest abode.

But first by many a stern and fiery blast  
The world's rude furnace must thy blood  
refine,  
And many a gale of keenest woe he pass'd,  
Till every pulse beat true to airs divine.

Till every limb obey the mounting soul,  
The mounting soul, the call by Jesus given,  
He who the stormy heart can so control  
The haggared body soon will waft to  
heaven.

ANON.

PEACE.

(For the Young Men's Magazine.)

Among the gay, the giddy crowd,  
Among the boisterous and the loud,  
We there a transient peace may find,  
But ah! 'tis passing as the wind;

For all such peace  
Too soon will cease,  
And leave remorse (sad sting) behind.  
For conscience wakes with all its terror,  
And shows the guilty wretch his error:  
Alas! the peace of such a mind.



True peace, oh no, can ne'er be found  
 Where scenes of revelry abound;  
 'Tis false philosophy, that peace  
 Sought from such scenes should give release.  
 Though bright it shone,  
 Too soon 'tis flown,  
 And leaves its victim to despair.  
 Though conscience for a time may cease  
 To sting, 'twill wake and show such peace  
 Is false and fleeting as 'tis fair.

Nor where ambition leads the way,  
 Though fancy all her powers display;  
 Though hope may gild the path of fame,  
 Ambition ends in but a name.  
 How false the peace  
 That soon must cease;  
 For towering fancy often fall,  
 And hope as soon begins to fade;  
 For oft in hope we grasp a shade,  
 Delusive e'en at pity's call.

True peace 'tis the result of faith,  
 A credence in the voice that saith,  
 "Look unto me, believe and live;  
 For life, eternal life, I give."

Ah! blissful sound,  
 Here peace is found.  
 From Christ alone it is bestow'd;  
 A sweet, a mild, a heavenly calm,  
 A soul-reviving, healing balm;  
 And ah! true peace is peace with God.

J. T. P.

#### SURVEY OF BOOKS.

*A Lecture on the Writings and Character of John Milton.* By ALFRED A. FRY, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn.—Hooper, Pall Mall East.

That must be a very bold, or a very uncommon man, who would attempt to do justice to the name of John Milton. With a genius that has never been surpassed, either in loftiness, originality, or splendour; with learning the most varied and profound, an eloquence that could assume every mood, from the tender to the grave—from the grave to the sarcastic—and again to the most astonishing strains of imagination and pathos, and be equally successful in each—he was so far above all but a very few, that it requires a man of kindred mind to measure his stature. And his was not an eminence of mind only; there was a moral grandeur about him in his writings and in his character, which has enthroned him, as it were, in the hearts of men. He was emphatically so great a man, that we can scarcely trust ourselves to speak of him. We regard him with almost

unbounded admiration. He was one of those paragons of mind which only appear once or twice in a long succession of ages, to become "monuments of the greatness of the human soul." And yet who can look back to the times in which he lived, and read of the treatment that he received of his country without tears? Or who can think of the tradition that followed some of his works, and that has continued to follow them till lately, to say nothing of the unmerited neglect into which they had fallen, without feeling that his memory has been injured? His immortal poem detracted could not assail; but his prose writings have been obscured for a time from public view by the clouds of envy. We are therefore thankful to Mr. Fry for directing the attention of the reading public to those extraordinary compositions, in which are to be found more felicity of thought and diction than in almost any other writings with which we are acquainted. To use Milton's own language, "it is a beamy walk through the midst of the sanctuary" of genius.

Mr. Fry is a young barrister of undoubted talent, and he has shown, both by the selection of his subject and the manner in which he has treated it, that he knows how to appreciate the sublime beauties of Milton.

He has made many judicious selections from his author, which are calculated to give to those who are unacquainted with them a relish for his works; and we hope that the publication and delivery of this Lecture may, in conjunction with the elegant introductory Essay to Milton's prose works, written by our friend Robert Fletcher, tend to promote a more general circulation and perusal of them.

No one ought to read them who is not wiser and better at the end than at the beginning; for they "are of power," as Milton says of the poetic gift, "to imbreed and cherish in a great people the seeds of public virtue and civility; to allay the perturbations of the mind, and set the affections in right tune, to celebrate in glorious and lofty hymns the throne and equipage of God's almighty-ness."

What can approach nearer to inspired composition than the following sublime prayer:—"Come, therefore, O thou that hast the seven stars in thy right hand, appoint thy chosen priests according to their orders and courses of old, to minister before thee, and duly to press and pour out the consecrated oil into thy holy and ever burning lamps. Thou hast sent out the spirit of prayer upon thy servants over all the land to this

effect, and stirred up their vows as the sound of many waters about thy throne. Every one can say that now, certainly, thou hast visited thy land, and hast not forgotten the utmost corners of the earth at a time when men had thought that thou wert gone up from us to the furthest end of the heavens, and hadst left to do marvellously among the sons of these last ages. O! perform and accomplish thy glorious acts! for men may leave their works unfinished; but thou art a God, thy nature is perfection. . . . And he that now for haste snatcheth up a plain unadorned present as a thankoffering to thee, which could not be deferred in regard of thy so many late deliverances, wrought for us one upon another, may then perhaps take up a harp and sing thee an elaborate song to generations . . . Seeing the power of thy grace is not passed away with the primitive times, as fond and faithless men imagine, but thy kingdom is now at hand, and thou standing at the door. Come forth out of thy royal chambers, O, Prince of all the Kings of the Earth! put on the visible robes of thy Imperial Majesty; take up that unlimited sceptre which thy Almighty Father hath bequeathed thee, for now the voice of thy bride calls thee, and all creatures sigh to be renewed."

#### READING.

THIS is that which I think great readers are apt to be mistaken in. Those who have read of every thing are thought to understand every thing too; but it is not always so. Reading furnishes the mind only with materials of knowledge: it is thinking makes what we read ours. We are of the ruminating kind, and it is not enough to cram ourselves with a great load of collections; unless we chew them over again, they will not give us strength and nourishment. There are indeed in some writers visible instances of deep thought, close and acute reasoning, and ideas well pursued. The light these would give, would be of great use, if their readers would observe and imitate them: all the rest, at best are but particulars fit to be turned into knowledge; but that can be done only by our own meditation, and examining the reach, force, and coherence, of what is said; and then, as far as we apprehend and see the connexion of ideas, so far is it ours; without that, it is but so much loose matter floating in our brain. The memory may be stored, but the judgment is little better, and the stock of knowledge not increased by being able to repeat what others have said, or produce the

arguments we have found in them. Such a knowledge as this is but knowledge by hearsay, and the ostentation of it is at best but talking by rote, and very often upon weak and wrong principles. For all that is to be found in books, is not built upon true foundations, nor always rightly deduced from the principles it is pretended to be built on. Such an examen as is requisite to discover that, every reader's mind is not forward to make; especially in those who have given themselves up to a party, and only hunt for what they can scrape together, that may favour and support the tenets of it. Such men willfully exclude themselves from truth, and from all true benefit to be received by reading. Others of more indifferency often want attention and industry. The mind is backward in itself to be at the pains to trace every argument to its original, and to see upon what basis it stands, and how firmly; but yet it is this that gives so much the advantage to one man more than another in reading. The mind should, by severe rules, be tied down to this, at first uneasy task; use and exercise will give it facility. So that those who are accustomed to it, readily, as it were with one cast of the eye, take a view of the argument, and presently, in most cases, see where it bottoms. Those who have got this faculty, one may say, have got the true key of books, and the clue to lead them through the mizmaze of variety of opinions and authors to truth and certainty. This young beginners should be entered in, and shewed the use of, that they might profit by their reading. Those who are strangers to it, will be apt to think it too great a clog in the way of men's studies; and they will suspect they shall make but small progress, if, in the books they read, they must stand to examine and unravel every argument, and follow it step by step up to its original.

I answer, this is a good objection, and ought to weigh with those whose reading is designed for much talk and little knowledge, and I have nothing to say to it. But I am here inquiring into the conduct of the understanding in its progress towards knowledge; and to those who aim at that, may say, that he who fair and softly goes steadily forward in a course that points right, will sooner be at his journey's end, than he that runs after every one he meets, though he gallop all day full speed.

To which let me add, that this way of thinking on and profiting by what we read, will be a clog and rub to any one only in the beginning; when custom and exercise has made it familiar, it will be dispatched, in the most occasions, without resting or interrup-

tion in the course of our reading. The motions and views of a mind exercised that way, are wonderfully quick; and a man used to such sort of reflections, sees as much at one glimpse, as would require a long discourse to lay before another, and make out in an entire and gradual deduction. Besides, that when the first difficulties are over, the delight and sensible advantage it brings, mightily encourages and enlivens the mind in reading, which, without this, is very improperly called study.—*Locke*.

#### OF AMBITION.

AMBITION is like choler, which is a humour that maketh men active, earnest, full of alacrity, and stirring, if it be not stopped; but if it be stopped, and cannot have its way, it becometh adust, and thereby malign and venomous: so ambitious men, if they find the way open for their rising, and still get forward, they are rather busy than dangerous; but if they be checked in their desires, they become secretly discontent, and look upon men and matters with an evil eye, and are best pleased when things go backward; which is the worst property in a servant of a prince of state: therefore it is good for princes, if they use ambitious men, to handle it so, as they be still progressive, and not retrograde; which, because it cannot be without inconvenience, it is good not to use such natures at all; for if they rise not with their service, they will take order to make their service fall with them. But since we have said, it were good not to use men of ambitious nature, except it be upon necessity, it is fit we speak in what cases they are of necessity. Good commanders in the wars must be taken, be they never so ambitious; for the use of their service dispenseth with the rest; and to take a soldier without ambition, is to pull off his spurs. There is also great use of ambitious men in being screens to princes in matters of danger and envy; for no one will take that part except he be like a seeled dove, that mounts and mounts, because he cannot see about him. There is use also of ambitious men in pulling down the greatness of any subject that overtops; as Tiberius used Marco in the pulling down of Sejanus. Since, therefore, they must be

used in such cases, there resteth to speak how they are to be riddled, that they may be less dangerous; there is less danger of them if they be of mean birth, than if they be noble; and if they be rather harsh of nature, than gracious and popular: and if they be rather new raised than grown cunning and fortified in their greatness. It is counted by some a weakness in princes to have favourites; but it is, of all others, the best remedy against ambitious great ones; for when the way of pleasuring and displeasing lieth by the favourite, it is impossible any other should be over-great. Another means to curb them, is to balance them by others as proud as they: but then there must be some middle counsellors, to keep things steady; for without that ballast the ship will roll too much. At the least, a prince may animate and inure some meaner persons to be, as it were, scourges to ambitious men. As for the having of them obnoxious to ruin, if they be of fearful natures, may do well; but if they be stout and daring, it may precipitate their designs, and prove dangerous. As for the pulling of them down, if the affairs require it, and that it may not be done with safety suddenly, the only way is the interchange continually of favours and disgraces, whereby they may not know what to expect, and be, as it were in a wood. Of ambitions, it is less harmful the ambition to prevail in great things, than that other to appear in every thing; for that breeds confusion, and mars business: but yet it is less danger to have an ambitious man stirring in business, than great in dependences. He that seeketh to be eminent amongst able men, hath a great task; but that is ever good for the public: but he that plots to be the only figure amongst ciphers, is the decay of a whole age. Honour hath three things in it; the vantage ground to do good; the approach to kings and principal persons; and the raising of a man's own fortunes. He that hath the best of these intentions, when he aspireth, is an honest man; and that prince, that can discern of these intentions in another that aspireth, is a wise prince. Generally let princes and states choose such ministers as are more sensible of duty than of rising, and such as love business rather upon conscience than upon bravery: and let them discern a busy nature from a willing mind.—*Lord Bacon*.





















